Of all his glory, when he was ſeated in
A Chariot of an ineſtimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heaven came and ſhriveld
Vp thoſe bodies even to loathing, for they ſo ſtunke,
That all thoſe eyes addor'd them ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand ſhould give them buriall.
Eſcanes. It was very ſtrange.
Hell. And yet but juſtice; for though this King were great,
His greatneſſe was no guard to barre heavens ſhaft,
By ſinne had his reward.
Eſcan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counſell, hath reſpect with him but he.
2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer greeve without reproofe.
3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it.
1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.
1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are riſen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.
Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you love.
1. *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, wee'l ſeeke him out:
If in his grave he reſt, wee'l finde him there,
And be reſolv'd, he lives to governe us:
Or dead, give's cauſe to morne his Funerall,
And leave us to our free Election.
2 *Lord.* Whoſe death indeed: the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble ſelfe,
That beſt knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus ſubmit unto our Soveraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Live noble *Hellican.*
Hell. Try honours cauſe; forbeare your ſuffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wiſh, I leape into the ſeas,
Where's hourely trouble, for a minutes eaſe)
A twelve-moneth longer, let me entreate you,
To forbeare the abſence of your King;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I ſhall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Goe ſearch like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your adventrous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne unto returne,
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit about his Crowne.
1. *Lord.* To wiſedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And ſince Lord *Hellican* enjoyneth us,
We with our travels will endevor.
Hell. Then you love us, we you, and wee'l claſpe hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever ſtands.

Exit.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*
King. Knights, from my daughter, this I let you know,
That for this twelve-month, ſhee'l not undertake
A married life: her reaſon to her ſelfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.
2. *Knight.* May we not get acceſſe to her (my Lord)
King. Faith by no meanes, ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impoſſible:
One twelve Moones more ſhee'l weare *Dianaes* livery;
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath ſhee vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.
3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farwell, we take our leaves. *Exit.*
King. So, they are well diſpatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; ſhe tels me here,
Shee'l wed the ſtronger Knight,